

Derek Frazier, uncle Derek as I know him, has had a major influence on me from as far back as I can remember. As a young child I can recall growing up in the Academy Terrace Homes housing projects along with my mother, grandmother, aunt, and uncle Derek. Being a young boy without a real father figure in the household I often looked to my uncle to serve as my male role model, and I found myself going to him for the advice that a young boy can only acquire from another man. To this day, I can honestly say that my uncle never steered me in the wrong direction with this advice. I can also say that his guidance has enabled me, the next generation of the Frazier family, to have a fairly easier life than he had, and thus, to have much academic success as I prepare to graduate from Boston Latin School and leave for Howard University in the oncoming year.

From my understanding of the situation at hand, my uncle has done something unlawful, for which he must be punished. I also understand that this punishment involves him being kept in a facility in which men who are unfit to live in society among others are kept. However, I don't understand how someone with such a good heart and who contributes so much to the well being of those around him can be confined and labeled as dangerous or unfit to live with these same people.

This is not an attempt to alleviate my uncle from the trouble that he now finds himself in, nor is it an attempt to make right the wrong he has done. I am writing this simply to give the reader an accurate picture of the real person behind the criminal record, to tell he/she a little about the real history, instead of the criminal history, of Derek Frazier.

Sincerely,  
Rashaad Bryant

